

these entrances under the protection of projecting angles, by which they might be flanked in case of need by archers or slingers.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horn loudly, for the rain which had long threatened began now to descend with great violence.

### CHAPTER III.

IN a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch. There was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but, as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapor which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall by incrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding-doors which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion<sup>1</sup> partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step; and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal

<sup>1</sup> For a further exposition of the homes and the life of the Saxons, see *Homes of Other Days*, by T. Wright.

members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables, which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or embroidery, executed with brilliant or rather gaudy coloring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough-plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the center of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honor,<sup>1</sup> which signifies "the dividers of bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the

<sup>1</sup> Their Anglo-Saxon names were *hlaford* ("lord") and *hlæfdige* ("lady"). The author brings out the latent metaphor of the original words, showing that it was to the *hlaford* (*hlaf* in the Anglo-Saxon meaning "bread") that his dependants looked for their literal sustenance.



Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane,<sup>1</sup> or, as the Normans called him, a franklin, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an irritable impatience which might have become an alderman, whether of ancient or of modern times.

It appeared, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase. His face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good-humor which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there were in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and resolute disposition of the man had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders: it had but little tendency to gray, although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever,—a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is believed, of the skin of the gray squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet, which sate tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his

<sup>1</sup> A military tenant and freeholder in the sovereign's service. A freeman not noble was raised to the rank of thane by obtaining five hides of land, making three sea voyages, or receiving holy orders. The thane had the right to vote in the Witenagemot of the shire and of the kingdom. After the Norman Conquest, barons and thanes were classed together. The title fell into disuse in the reign of Henry II.

arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purposes of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions betwixt the richness of their master's and the coarse and simple attire of Gurth the swineherd, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Saxon dignitary. Two or three servants of a superior order stood behind their master upon the dais: the rest occupied the lower part of the hall.<sup>1</sup> Other attendants there were of a different description,—two or three large and shaggy greyhounds, such as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as many slowhounds<sup>2</sup> of a large, bony breed, with thick necks, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the smaller dogs now called terriers, which waited with impatience the arrival of the supper, but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master, apprehensive probably of a small white truncheon<sup>3</sup> which lay by Cedric's trencher<sup>4</sup> for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependants. One grisly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favorite, had planted himself close by the chair of state, and occasionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his large, hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand. Even he

<sup>1</sup> The Anglo-Saxon hall recalls the *Megaron* of the Greek household.

<sup>2</sup> Sleuthhounds or bloodhounds.

<sup>3</sup> A *baton*; a short staff.

<sup>4</sup> A wooden plate or platter used for the table.



was repelled by the stern command, "Down, Balder,<sup>1</sup> down! I am not in the humor for foolery."

In fact, Cedric, as we have observed, was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There was as yet no tidings of Gurth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest; and such was the insecurity of the period as to render it probable that the delay might be explained by some depredation of the outlaws, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighboring baron, whose consciousness of strength made him equally negligent of the laws of property. The matter was of consequence, for great part of the domestic wealth of the Saxon proprietors consisted in numerous herds of swine, especially in forest-land, where those animals easily found their food.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon thane was impatient for the presence of his favorite clown Wamba, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of seasoning to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper-hour was long past,—a cause of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around, and particularly to his cupbearer,<sup>2</sup> who offered him from time to time, as a sedative, a silver goblet filled with wine. "Why tarries the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her headgear," replied a female attendant, with as much confidence as the favorite lady's-maid usually answers the master of a modern family. "You would not wish

<sup>1</sup> Cedric, it seems, had named his dog from the Scandinavian mythological god Balder, the god of light.

<sup>2</sup> An attendant at a feast.

her to sit down to the banquet in her hood and kirtle?<sup>1</sup> and no lady within the shire<sup>2</sup> can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress."

This undeniable argument produced a sort of acquiescent umph! on the part of the Saxon, with the addition, "I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk.<sup>3</sup>—But what in the name of ten devils," continued he, turning to the cupbearer, and raising his voice as if happy to have found a channel into which he might divert his indignation without fear or control—"what in the name of ten devils keeps Gurth so long afield? I suppose we shall have an evil account of the herd. He was wont to be a faithful and cautious drudge, and I had destined him for something better; perchance I might even have made him one of my warders."

Oswald the cupbearer modestly suggested that it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew,<sup>4</sup>—an ill-chosen apology, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to Saxon ears.

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew-bell, and the tyrant by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The curfew," he added, pausing, "ay, the curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness! Ay, the curfew—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin know the use of the curfew as well as William himself, or e'er a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my property has been swept off to save from starving the hungry banditti whom they cannot support but by theft and robbery. My faithful slave is murdered

<sup>1</sup> Gown; mantle.

<sup>2</sup> Originally, in the Anglo-Saxon, it was *scir*, meaning then, as now, a county, a province, a district.

<sup>3</sup> Church.

<sup>4</sup> One of the regulations introduced by William the Conqueror. At night-fall a bell was rung as a signal to put out the fires (curfew literally meant "cover the fire") and extinguish the lights.



and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wamba—where is Wamba? Said not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?”

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

“Ay! Why, this is better and better! He is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. Fools are we all indeed that serve them, and fitter subjects for their scorn and laughter than if we were born with but half our wits. But I will be avenged,” he added, starting from his chair in impatience at the supposed injury, and catching hold of his boar-spear. “I will go with my complaint to the great council. I have friends, I have followers. Man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists. Let him come in his plate and his mail, and all that can render cowardice bold. I have sent such a javelin as this through a stronger fence than three of their war-shields. Haply they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward is in the veins of Cedric. Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!” he exclaimed in a lower tone, “couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest.” The reflection seemed to conjure into sadness his irritated feelings. Replacing his javelin, he resumed his seat, bent his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection.

From his musing Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yells and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building. It cost some exercise of the white truncheon, well seconded by the exertions of the domestics, to silence this canine clamor.

“To the gate, knaves!” said the Saxon hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. “See what tidings that horn tells us of,—to announce, I ween,<sup>1</sup> some her ship<sup>2</sup> and robbery which has been done upon my lands.”

<sup>1</sup> Think; imagine.

<sup>2</sup> Pillage.

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced that the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament<sup>1</sup> which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche, on the second day from the present.

“Aymer, the Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois-Guilbert!” muttered Cedric. “Normans both; but, Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached. They are welcome, since they have chosen to halt: more welcome would they have been to have ridden farther on their way. But it were unworthy to murmur for a night’s lodging and a night’s food: in the quality of guests, at least, even Normans must suppress their insolence.—Go, Hundebert,” he added, to a sort of major-domo<sup>2</sup> who stood behind him with a white wand; “take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests’ lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it. Say to them, Hundebert, that Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow, never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty. Begone! See them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxon churl has shown at once his poverty and his avarice.”

The major-domo, departed, with several attendants, to execute his master’s commands. “The Prior Aymer!” repeated Cedric, looking to Oswald; “the brother, if I mistake not, of Giles de Mauleverer, now lord of Middleham?”

<sup>1</sup> A passage-at-arms between armored knights in time of peace as an exercise of skill, usually accompanying some event of moment.

<sup>2</sup> Steward.



Oswald made a respectful sign of assent. "His brother sits in the seat, and usurps the patrimony, of a better race,—the race of Ulfgar of Middleham; but what Norman lord doth not the same? This prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine-cup and the bugle-horn better than bell and book.<sup>1</sup> Good! Let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Bois-Guilbert!" said Cedric, still in the musing, half-arguing tone which the habit of living among dependants had accustomed him to employ, and which resembled a man who talks to himself rather than to those around him; "Bois-Guilbert! that name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order, but stained with their usual vices,—pride, arrogance, and cruelty; a hard-hearted man, who knows neither fear of earth nor awe of heaven. So say the few warriors who have returned from Palestine. Well, it is but for one night: he shall be welcome too.—Oswald, broach the oldest wine-cask; place the best mead,<sup>2</sup> the mightiest ale, the richest morat,<sup>3</sup> the most sparkling cider, the most odoriferous pigments,<sup>4</sup> upon the board; fill the largest horns.<sup>5</sup> Templars and abbots love good wines and good measure.—Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her especial pleasure."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha with great readiness, "for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine."

Cedric darted at the forward damsel a glance of hasty resent-

<sup>1</sup> Attendance at church, and devotions at prayers.

<sup>2</sup> A fermented beverage from honey and malt.

<sup>3</sup> A drink made of honey flavored with the juice of mulberries.

<sup>4</sup> A sweet and rich liquor, composed of wine highly spiced, and sweetened with honey.

<sup>5</sup> The Saxons used horns for drinking-cups, sometimes made of glass or stone, but usually of horn. Many of curious form and shape have been found in excavated barrows or tombs of the dead.

ment; but Rowena, and whatever belonged to her, were privileged, and secure from his anger. He only replied, "Silence, maiden! Thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Say my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. Here, at least, the descendant of Alfred<sup>1</sup> still reigns a princess." Elgitha left the apartment.

"Palestine!" repeated the Saxon, "Palestine! How many ears are turned to the tales which dissolute crusaders or hypocritical pilgrims bring from that fatal land! I too might ask, I too might inquire, I too might listen with a beating heart to fables which the wily strollers devise to cheat us into hospitality. But no. The son who has disobeyed me is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself more for his fate than for that of the most worthless among the millions that ever shaped the cross on their shoulder, rushed into excess and blood-guiltiness, and called it an accomplishment of the will of God."

He knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground. As he raised them, the folding-doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide, and preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding-robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope<sup>2</sup> curiously embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet-ring, which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded with precious gems; his sandals were of the finest leather which was

<sup>1</sup> King of Britain, 872–901. He was the greatest of the Saxon monarchs, a wise ruler, and an appreciative promoter of learning.

<sup>2</sup> An ecclesiastical vestment very much like a cloak.



imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit; and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and, though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was as rich and his appearance far more commanding than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under-tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern hussar, having similar flaps for covering the arms, and was called a *Sclavcyn* or *Sclavonian*.<sup>1</sup> Coarse sandals bound with thongs on his bare feet, a broad and shadowy hat with cockle-shells<sup>2</sup> stitched on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the palmer's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and, observing that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the

<sup>1</sup> Because worn by Slavonians or Russians.

<sup>2</sup> Sea-shells worn by the pilgrims as emblems of a visit to the Holy Land.

hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedric rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and descending from the dais, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple; but my steward has expounded to you the cause of my seeming discourtesy. Let me also pray that you will excuse my speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits; if not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Vows," said the abbot, "must be unloosed, worthy franklin, or permit me rather to say worthy thane, though the title is antiquated. Vows are the knots which tie us to Heaven,—they are the cords which bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar,—and are therefore, as I said before, to be unloosened and discharged, unless our holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly hold communication in that spoken by my respected grandmother, Hilda of Middleham, who died in odor of sanctity, little short, if we may presume to say so, of her glorious namesake the blessed St. Hilda<sup>1</sup> of Whitby, God be gracious to her soul!"

When the prior had ceased what he meant as a conciliatory harangue, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak ever French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

<sup>1</sup> A grandniece of Edwin, King of Northumbria (born 617, and died 680). In 650 she was abbess of Heortea ("Hartlepool"). She is best known in connection with the Abbey of Whitby, in Yorkshire, however, which she founded, and of which she was abbess. It was at this abbey the poet Cædmon sang.



Cedric darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, recollecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, motioning with his hand, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendants hastened to obey Cedric's commands, his eye distinguished Gurth the swineherd, who, with his companion Wamba, had just entered the hall. "Send these loitering knaves up hither," said the Saxon impatiently. And when the culprits came before the dais, "How comes it, villains,<sup>1</sup> that you have loitered abroad so late as this? Hast thou brought home thy charge, sirrah<sup>2</sup> Gurth, or hast thou left them to robbers and marauders?"

"The herd is safe, so please ye," said Gurth.

"But it does not please me, thou knave,"<sup>3</sup> said Cedric, "that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and sit here devising vengeance against my neighbors for wrongs they have not done me. I tell thee, shackles and the prison-house shall punish the next offense of this kind."

Gurth, knowing his master's irritable temper, attempted no exculpation; but the Jester, who could presume upon Cedric's tolerance by virtue of his privileges as a fool, replied for them both: "In troth, uncle<sup>4</sup> Cedric, you are neither wise nor reasonable to-night."

"How, sir?" said his master; "you shall to the porter's lodge,

<sup>1</sup> Originally "villains;" in feudal times, persons, not free, of the lowest class in the social status. They were of two classes,—*regardant* (annexed to the soil as fixtures) and *in gross* (the personal property of their lord).

<sup>2</sup> A contemptuous (and sometimes jocular) expression for "fellow" or "sir."

<sup>3</sup> Originally a boy, a youth, the Anglo-Saxon name being *cnafa* ("a boy"); later, a rogue, a dishonest person.

<sup>4</sup> Another word for "master," frequently used by jesters in addressing their lords.

and taste of the discipline there, if you give your foolery such license."

"First let your wisdom tell me," said Wamba, "is it just and reasonable to punish one person for the fault of another?"

"Certainly not, fool," answered Cedric.

"Then why should you shackle poor Gurth, uncle, for the fault of his dog Fangs? for I dare be sworn we lost not a minute by the way when we had got our herd together, which Fangs did not manage until we heard the vesper-bell."

"Then hang up Fangs," said Cedric, turning hastily towards the swineherd, "if the fault is his, and get thee another dog."

"Under favor, uncle," said the Jester, "that were still somewhat on the bow-hand<sup>1</sup> of fair justice; for it was no fault of Fangs that he was lame and could not gather the herd, but the fault of those that struck off two of his foreclaws,—an operation for which, if the poor fellow had been consulted, he would scarce have given his voice."

"And who dared to lame an animal which belonged to my bondsman!"<sup>2</sup> said the Saxon, kindling in wrath.

"Marry, that did old Hubert," said Wamba, "Sir Philip de Malvoisin's keeper of the chase. He caught Fangs strolling in the forest, and said he chased the deer contrary to his master's right as warden<sup>3</sup> of the walk."

"The four fiend take Malvoisin," answered the Saxon, "and his keeper both! I will teach them that the wood was disforested<sup>4</sup> in terms of the great Forest Charter. But enough of this. Go to, knave! Go to thy place!—And thou, Gurth, get thee another dog; and should the keeper dare to touch it, I will mar

<sup>1</sup> The hand that deals the penalty; in other words, austerity contrasted against clemency.

<sup>2</sup> Slave.

<sup>3</sup> Guardian.

<sup>4</sup> Thrown open. In 1215 the Great Charter disforested certain tracts of woodlands which the Norman kings had, in their passion for the chase, exclusively set aside as royal hunting-grounds. The author makes Cedric speak as if it had already transpired.



his archery. The curse of a coward on my head if I strike not off the forefinger of his right hand! He shall draw bowstring no more.—I crave your pardon, my worthy guests. I am beset here with neighbors that match your infidels, Sir Knight, in Holy Land. But your homely fare is before you: feed, and let welcome make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread upon the board, needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swine's flesh dressed in several modes appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread, and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller sorts of wild fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in upon small wooden spits or broaches, and offered by the pages and domestics who bore them to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. Beside each person of rank was placed a goblet of silver: the lower board was accommodated with large drinking-horns.

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud, "Forbear! Place for the Lady Rowena." A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table; and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her with respectful ceremony to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own."

"Said I not so?" answered the prior. "But check your raptures: the franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty, more striking, perhaps, to his imagination because differing widely from those of the Eastern sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that in the present instance the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and, being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long, loose robe which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk interwoven with gold was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom, after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on



her, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon,—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon,—for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The Lady Rowena," said the prior, "has punished us all in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

"Our going thither," said Cedric, "is uncertain. I love not these vanities, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free."

"Let us hope, nevertheless," said the prior, "our company may determine you to travel thitherward. When the roads are so unsafe, the escort of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is not to be despised."

"Sir Prior," answered the Saxon, "wheresoever I have traveled in this land, I have hitherto found myself, with the assistance of my good sword and faithful followers, in no respect needful of other aid. At present, if we indeed journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, we do so with my noble neighbor and countryman Athelstane of Coningsburgh,<sup>1</sup> and with such a train as would set outlaws and feudal enemies at defiance. I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine, which I trust your taste will approve, and I thank you for your courtesy. Should you be so rigid in adhering to monastic rule," he added, "as to prefer your acid preparation of milk, I hope you will not strain courtesy to do me reason."

"Nay," said the priest, laughing, "it is only in our abbey that

<sup>1</sup> In the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, near the river Don (see note, p. 5).

we confine ourselves to the *lac dulce*<sup>1</sup> or the *lac acidum*<sup>2</sup> either. Conversing with the world, we use the world's fashions; and therefore I answer your pledge in this honest wine, and leave the weaker liquor to my lay-brother."

"And I," said the Templar, filling his goblet, "drink wassail<sup>3</sup> to the fair Rowena; for since her namesake<sup>4</sup> introduced the word into England, has never been one more worthy of such a tribute. By my faith, I could pardon the unhappy Vortigern,<sup>5</sup> had he half the cause that we now witness for making shipwreck of his kingdom."

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without unveiling herself; "or, rather, I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palestine,—a theme more agreeable to our English ears than the compliments which your French breeding teaches."

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sweet milk.

<sup>2</sup> Sour milk.

<sup>3</sup> The Saxon formula in pledging toasts, from the Anglo-Saxon *waesan* ("to be") and *hael* ("health"); the Saxon form of saying, "I drink your health."

<sup>4</sup> In the legendary history of Britain, Rowena figures as the daughter of Hengist, and later as the wife of Vortigern.

<sup>5</sup> Or Gwrthryn, a prince of one of the native British tribes (the Demetæ, it is thought), who, according to ancient tradition, in the middle of the fifth century called upon the two Jutish chiefs Hengist and Horsa, to aid him against the Picts, whose fierce inroads constantly annoyed the Britons.

<sup>6</sup> Salah-ed-Din Yussuf, a celebrated Sultan of Egypt, known especially in connection with his wars with the crusaders. He attacked Palestine 1186; routed the Christians completely at Tiberias, or Hitten, July 4, 1187; and took Jerusalem Oct. 2. His triumphant progress was checked by the armies of the Third Crusade, led by Richard I. of England and Philip Augustus of France, who took Acre in July, 1191, after a two-years' siege. A truce of three years was concluded in 1192, and the coast of Palestine from Tyre to Joppa was granted to the Christians. Soon after, Richard returned to Europe, and Saladin expired at Damascus March 4, 1193.



He was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair the back of which was decorated with two ass's ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who from time to time supplied him with victuals from his own trencher,—a favor, however, which the Jester shared with the favorite dogs, of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his eyes half shut, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed foolery.

"These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me."

"Go to, knave! How so?" said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favorably the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old."

"I will warrant you against dying of old age, however," said the Templar, who now recognized his friend of the forest. "I will assure you from all deaths but a violent one if you give such directions to wayfarers as you did this night to the prior and me."

"How, sirrah!" said Cedric, "misdirect travelers? We must have you whipped. You are at least as much rogue as fool."

"I pray thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly for once protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left; and he might have pardoned a greater who took a fool for his counselor and guide."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may. A night like that which roars without compels even wild animals to

herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care.—Look to it, Oswald."

And the steward left the banqueting-hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

## CHAPTER V.

OSWALD, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York.<sup>1</sup> Is it fit I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do thine office, Oswald," said Wamba with his usual effrontery; "the swineherd will be a fit usher to the Jew."

"St. Mary!" said the abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulcher!"

"By my faith," said Wamba, "it would seem the Templars love the Jews' inheritance better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If Heaven bore with the whole nation of stiff-necked unbelievers for more years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a board and a morsel apart—unless," he said, smiling, "these turbaned strangers will admit his society."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Saracen slaves are true Moslems,<sup>2</sup> and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

"Now, in faith," said Wamba, "I cannot see that the wor-

<sup>1</sup> The capital of Yorkshire County, England, situated on the river Ouse at its junction with the Foss. Under the Heptarchy, the city was the capital of Northumbria.

<sup>2</sup> Followers of Mohammed.



shippers of Mahound and Termagaunt<sup>1</sup> have so greatly the advantage over the people once chosen of Heaven."

"He shall sit with thee, Wamba," said Cedric. "The fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wamba, raising the relics of a gammon<sup>2</sup> of bacon, "will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave."

"Hush!" said Cedric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall, thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His features, keen and regular, with an aquiline nose and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long gray hair and beard,—would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the credulous and prejudiced vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapacious nobility, and who, perhaps, owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character, in which there was much, to say the least, mean and unamiable.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark-purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which sustained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to

<sup>1</sup> An imaginary deity, considered by crusaders a Mohammedan deity.

<sup>2</sup> A ham, salted, smoked, or dried.

make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid, supplicating glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxon domestics squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror; and the very heathen Saracens, as Isaac drew near them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands on their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy. But the abbot had at this moment engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favorite hounds, which he would not have interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting-place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased: thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together and brought to a flame the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall—whether from unwillingness to hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

Had there been painters in those days capable to execute such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form, and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, would have formed no bad emblematical personification of the winter season. Hav-



ing dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the abbot and Cedric continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the haughty Templar, whose eye wandered from the Jew to the Saxon beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"I marvel, worthy Cedric," said the abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your predilection is for your own manly language, you do not receive the Norman-French into your favor, so far at least as the mystery of woodcraft and hunting is concerned. Surely no tongue is so rich in the various phrases which the field-sports demand, or furnishes means to the experienced woodman so well to express his jovial art."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, "be it known to you, I care not for those over-sea<sup>1</sup> refinements, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods. I can wind my horn, though I call not the blast either a *recheate*<sup>2</sup> or a *morte*<sup>3</sup>; I can cheer my dogs on the prey, and I can flay and quarter the animal when it is brought down, without using the new-fangled jargon of *curee*, *arbor*, *nombles*, and all the babble of the fabulous Sir Tristrem."<sup>4</sup>

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the presumptuous and authoritative tone which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the chase, but that

<sup>1</sup> Referring to the innovations of the Normans.

<sup>2</sup> The call on the hunting-horn to bring back the hounds when they have lost the scent.

<sup>3</sup> The sounding of the horn in the chase at the death of the game.

<sup>4</sup> The Normans formally separated from common life the terms of the chase. The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, changed their name each year. There were a hundred conventional terms, all from the French, to be ignorant of which was to be without the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The origin of this science was imputed to Sir Tristrem, one of King Arthur's knights, famous for his love for the beautiful Ysolte.

of love and war, in which ladies should be won, and enemies defied."

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the abbot, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French troubadours,<sup>1</sup> when it was told in the ear of beauty; and the field of Northallerton, upon the day of the Holy Standard, could tell whether the Saxon war-cry was not heard as far within the ranks of the Scottish host as the *cri de guerre*<sup>2</sup> of the boldest Norman baron. To the memory of the brave who fought there! Pledge me, my guests." He drank deep, and went on with increasing warmth. "Ay, that was a day of cleaving of shields, when a hundred banners were bent forward over the heads of the valiant, and blood flowed round like water, and death was held better than flight. A Saxon bard<sup>3</sup> had called it a feast of the swords, a gathering of the eagles to the prey, the clashing of bills<sup>4</sup> upon shield and helmet, the shouting of battle more joyful than the clamor of a bridal. But our bards are no more," he said. "Our deeds are lost in those of another race: our language, our very name, is hastening to decay, and none mourns for it save one solitary old man.—Cupbearer, knave, fill the goblets.—To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulcher, can the palm be assigned among the champions of the Cross?"

<sup>1</sup> The minstrels or lyric poets of the south of France, called so from the Provençal verb *troubar* ("to invent"), and who flourished during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries.

<sup>2</sup> The shout of battle; a war-cry.

<sup>3</sup> A minstrel or poet.

<sup>4</sup> A weapon (used by infantry) consisting of a broad blade fixed upon a long staff, the blade having a cutting-edge and shaped like a scythe. On the back of the blade a short pike protruded, and at the top or point the blade lengthened out above the scythe-shaped part into another sharp-pointed pike.



"To the Knights Hospitalers," said the abbot; "I have a brother of their order."

"I impeach not their fame," said the Templar; "nevertheless"—

"I think, friend Cedric," said Wamba, interfering, "that had Richard of the Lion's Heart been wise enough to have taken a fool's advice, he might have staid at home with his merry Englishmen, and left the recovery of Jerusalem to those same knights who had most to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert, "the English monarch did indeed bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," repeated the pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defense of the Holy Land. I say, besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre,<sup>1</sup> as challengers against all comers. I say that on that day each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple; and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the bitter scowl of rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy countenance of the Templar. In the extremity of his resentment and confusion, his

<sup>1</sup> *Accho* or *Acre*. In the time of the crusaders, Europeans knew the place generally as *Acon*; afterward, by reason of the occupancy of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, it was known as *St. Jean d'Acre*, or *Acre*.

quivering fingers gripped towards the handle of his sword, and perhaps only withdrew from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cedric, whose feelings were all of a right onward and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by more than one object at once, omitted, in the joyous glee with which he heard of the glory of his countrymen, to remark the angry confusion of his guest. "I would give thee this golden bracelet, pilgrim," he said, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"That will I do blithely," replied the pilgrim, "and without guerdon:<sup>1</sup> my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold."

"I will wear the bracelet for you, if you will, friend palmer," said Wamba.

"The first in honor as in arms, in renown as in place," said the pilgrim, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric; "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the pilgrim. "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric with exultation.

"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the pilgrim.

"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the Normans, in the common triumph of the King of England and his islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham."

"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric. "And the sixth?" he continued with eagerness—"how name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the palmer after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lesser renown and

<sup>1</sup> *Reward*.



lower rank, assumed into that honorable company less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number. His name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling: it was the Knight of Ivanhoe. Nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms. Yet this will I say, and loudly, that were he in England, and durst repeat in this week's tournament the challenge of St. John-de-Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar. "And what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the Monastery of Mount Carmel."<sup>1</sup>

The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a pater-noster,<sup>2</sup> in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mohammedans, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without veiling his bonnet, or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on

<sup>1</sup> This monastery and order (Order of St. Mary of Mount Carmel) was founded about 1156 on Mount Carmel, Palestine, and received its first rule, 1209, from Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem.

<sup>2</sup> The Lord's Prayer, called paternoster from the first two words, *pater noster* ("Our Father"), of the Latin version.

the board, saying, "Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence; "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honorable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have occupied Cedric, and kept him silent during this discussion. Gratified pride, resentment, embarrassment, chased each other over his broad and open brow, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field; while his attendants, on whom the name of the sixth knight seemed to produce an effect almost electrical, hung in suspense upon their master's looks. But when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this beseems not. Were further pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended, as I am, would yet gage my honor for the honor of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is complete, even according to the fantastic fashions of Norman chivalry.—Is it not, Father Aymer?"

"It is," replied the prior; "and the blessed relic and rich chain will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent, until the decision of this warlike challenge."

Having thus spoken, he crossed himself again and again, and after many genuflections and muttered prayers he delivered the reliquary to Brother Ambrose, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up with less ceremony, but perhaps with no less internal satisfaction, the golden chain, and bestowed it in a pouch



lined with perfumed leather which opened under his arm. "And now, Sir Cedric," he said, "my ears are chiming vespers with the strength of your good wine; permit us another pledge to the welfare of the Lady Rowena, and indulge us with liberty to pass to our repose."

"By the rood<sup>1</sup> of Bromholme," said the Saxon, "you do but small credit to your fame, Sir Prior! Report speaks you a bonny monk, that would hear the matin chime<sup>2</sup> ere he quitted his bowl; and, old as I am, I feared to have shame in encountering you. But, by my faith, a Saxon boy of twelve in my time would not so soon have relinquished his goblet."

The prior had his own reasons, however, for persevering in the course of temperance which he had adopted. On the present occasion he had an instinctive apprehension of the fiery temper of the Saxon, and saw the danger that the reckless and presumptuous spirit, of which his companion had already given so many proofs, might at length produce some disagreeable explosion. He therefore gently insinuated the incapacity of the native of any other country to engage in the genial conflict of the bowl with the hardy and strong-headed Saxons; something he mentioned, but slightly, about his own holy character, and ended by pressing his proposal to depart to repose.

The grace-cup was accordingly served around; and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord and to the Lady Rowena, arose and mingled in the hall, while the heads of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valor."

"Ay," said the knight; "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys. I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip."

<sup>1</sup> Cross.

<sup>2</sup> The matin chime is the morning bell for prayers.

"Not a shekel,<sup>1</sup> not a silver penny, not a halfling,<sup>2</sup> so help me, the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands. "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the exchequer of the Jews<sup>3</sup> have imposed upon me. Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch. The very gaberdine<sup>4</sup> I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew<sup>5</sup> thee for a false-hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he communed with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders. The poor Israelite seemed so staggered by the address of the military monk, that the Templar had passed on to the extremity of the hall ere he raised his head from the humble posture which he had assumed, so far as to be sensible of his departure; and when he did look around, it was with the astonished air of one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just burst, and who hears still the astounding report ringing in his ears.

The Templar and prior were shortly after marshaled to their sleeping-apartments by the steward and the cupbearer, each attended by two torchbearers and two servants carrying refreshments, while servants of inferior condition indicated to their retinue and to the other guests their respective places of repose.

<sup>1</sup> A Jewish coin varying in value from about sixty cents (silver) to about five dollars (gold).

<sup>2</sup> Half a penny.

<sup>3</sup> Jews were subjected to an exchequer which laid them under the most exorbitant impositions.

<sup>4</sup> A long coarse cloak or cassock worn by Jews in the middle ages.

<sup>5</sup> A word used in wishing a curse upon one, often in mild imprecation.